

HONORING THE HERO.

UNVEILING OF THE GRANT STATUE IN CHICAGO.

Entold Thousands There—Civic and Military Honors Bestowed—Grand Naval Display—An Eloquent Tribute—Mrs. Grant Present.

Tribute to the Dead.

Sunshine and rain warred fiercely and unrelentingly with each other in Chicago to determine which would have the mastery when it came to unveil the Grant statue. And Phœbus won a dazzling victory, and all the people rejoiced. It would have been a bitter disappointment had it been ordered otherwise. The silken cord was gently pulled by the fair hands of the



WALTER Q. GRESHAM, ORATOR OF THE DAY.

daughter of Gen. William E. Strong, and responsive to her timid action the white drapery was loosed from the figure beneath it, fluttered a moment in the breeze and fell, disclosing in all the majestic calm of a heroic man sculptured in bronze by a master hand. For a moment admiration held the multitude spellbound, incapable of uttering an

Reverently the last syllable was heard, and released from the first strain of eagerness, the spectators leisurely awaited what was yet to come—the speeches of presentation and acceptance and Judge Gresham's oration.

Twenty thousand men marched from the heart of the city to Lincoln Park. Twenty thousand more were willing to do so but that it would have made the parade too cumbersome. Soldiers and civilians, old warriors and young ones, knights without end and societies without number, all anxious to do honor to the memory of the greatest military chieftain of his age, marched in solemn procession. Many an old comrade of Grant was there; many a one who, though knowing him but slightly, had magnified that trivial acquaintance until it seemed to blossom forth to intimate relationship and friendship. Memory knit those sturdy fellows with their god. It was nothing to them that at any moment the heavens threatened to open and deluge them and transform their sober parade into minging steps for dry ground. They had splashed through many a country road and not felt half so proud. And when they drew up in front of the monument they were the admired of all admirers. From the time the signal gun was fired until the ceremony was ended there was much to chain the attention. There were many distinguished men on the platform.

Once the statue was unveiled the exercises were hurried to completion, for the fear that rain would mar the occasion haunted the Executive Committee. Mayor Washburne accepted the monument on behalf of the city after Edward S. Taylor, for the Park Commissioners and the Monument Association, had presented it. Lawyer William C. Goudy followed in the wake of the Mayor, accepting the monument for the Park Trustees.

And then came the turn of Judge Walter Q. Gresham, who in his oration honored Grant, honored the people and honored himself. The Judge was a close friend of the dead hero in his lifetime, had his confidence and respect, and was charged with much more of either than many of those who vaingloriously make capital out of their acquaintance with the General. Gresham was a soldier, therefore he knows the value to

stately pride. She was Grant's widow, uncertain whether to mourn anew or show her gratitude. Surrounded by her friends, she calmly surveyed the scene and resolutely stifled her thoughts as best she could. And the moment of bit-



terness which may have flashed across her soul must also have been felt by her son, who sat by her side.

It was a bad day for the naval parade. During the night a heavy sea washed the shores of the lake, and a stiff north-

rather than the possession of riches. It remarks: It is safe to declare that the problem of how to get rich engrosses the attention of one-third of our adult population, while the

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

Different Views About It.

Farmer Closest—Marlar, what'd yer like ter hev fur yer birthday present?

Maria—A gold breast-pin. What yer goin' ter give me?
Farmer Closest—I hain't decided 't'wixt a pair o' stockings an' the self I give John last Chris'mas.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

A Change in the Tune.

Darkey (the convict, eyeing the package)—I've been tryin' to live a better life an' quit bein' a tough since you was here last, mister.

Member of the Prison Reform Association—I'm very glad, Peter. Here's a little remembrance for you.

Darkey—(opening the package)—Git out o' here, you low-down, sniveling, putty-faced, bagged-kneed son-of-a-gun! I thought them was cigars.—*Judge.*

Explanatory.

Gratified Parent—I am delighted that you did not attend the so-called sacred concert to-day, my son. Such things are a desecration of the Sabbath. And I hope you passed your time more profitably.

Son—Well, yes; you see I had an engagement with Dick Dolers to go fishing, and I went.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

She Drew the Line.

Miss Hownow—Well, Bridget, you didn't stay long at the Ocean Swell House. Was the work too hard for you?

Mrs. McGinty—Oh, no, mum; it was not the worruk Oi moinded; it is the indacent way they had of making the gurls ate the same things as the boarders.—*Boston Courier.*

Two Views.

Miss Emersonia Russell (from Beacon Hill)—Don't you think Mr. Bowles' countenance would arrest the workings of the interior mechanism of a horologe?

Miss Calumetia Porcine (from Michigan avenue)—I don't know. But I think it would stop a clock.—*The Jeweler's Circular.*

Timid.

He—She seems to take fright every time her husband comes near her.

She—Yes; she ran away when he married her.—*Lake Shore News.*

It Would Seem to Follow.

"What does 'parsonage' mean, mamma?" asked Johnny McSwilligen.

"The house in which a parson lives, Johnny," replied Mrs. McSwilligen.

"But in some churches they don't call the ministers 'parsons.'"

"No."

"They call them 'pastors.'"

"Yes."

"And do pastors live in the pastor-ages?"—*Chronicle Telegraph.*

Not a Disinterested Adviser.

"You ought to use a water filter on your faucet, sir. I wouldn't be without one."

"Find it beneficial, do you?"

"Yes, indeed; it has made me a rich man."

"I presume you mean that health is wealth."

"No; I mean that I manufacture filters."—*Yankee Blade.*

A Strange Inheritance.

Robert—Why does Miss Hammond make such a fuss over those diamonds of hers?

Cicely—She inherited them from her grandmother.

"I know; but is there anything very remarkable about them?"

"Yes, her grandmother was an actress."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Indignant Without Cause.

Angry Customer—Local means in this place, don't it?

Jeweler—Yes.

Angry Customer—Well, this here watch you sold me for a Swiss one is stamped "Loche," you swindler!—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Not Generally Contagious.

Doctor—Notwithstanding the fact that there are new diseases coming up every day, the old ones seem to hold their own all the same.

Tarter—Yes? Well, that may be, but there's one of the old sort that don't seem to affect my out-of-town customers at all.

"What is that?"

"The remitting fever."—*Boston Courier.*

No Dog-Cart for Him.

Mrs. Toney (to Uncle Jake, from the country)—Well, Uncle, after luncheon I guess we'll go for a drive through High Park in the dog-cart.

Uncle Jake—Dog-cart! Oh, gosh! I've druv round many a time with a ox team, but I'm essentially durned if I'm a-goin' to make a holy show of myself by ridin' round behind no dog-team. It may be Toronto style, but I can't go it; I'd sooner walk any day.—*Grip.*

If you hear a bad story on any one, remember that, if it is true, by repeating it you put an obstacle in the way of the guilty man to prevent his doing better in the future, and if it is not true, you do him a greater injury than could be done in any other way. There are so many good reasons why you should not repeat gossip, and not one good one why you should, that if you stop and reflect you will never be guilty of it. You know that after you have said it you can't unsay it nor limit the number to whom your words will be repeated.

The tank drama is not performed in the pool-rooms.



Brought back

to health—sufferers from the worst forms of Skin and Scalp Diseases, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, and all manner of blood-taints. It's done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and renews the whole system. Even Lung-scurful (known as Pulmonary Consumption) yields to it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or money paid for it is refunded. Only a medicine that does what is claimed for it, could be sold on such terms. No other medicine, besides the "Discovery" has undertaken it.

So positively certain is it in its curative effects as to warrant its makers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, on trial!

It's especially potent in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada



Sleeplessness Cured. IV I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor St. Severin, Keylorian P. O., Pa.

A Presbyterian Minister.

Phoria, Ill., September, 1890. Says Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has become a household necessity in my family. It is invaluable for nervous disorders, is easy to digest, and has no bad after effects. A. REINHARDT, Freeport, Ill., Oct. 26, 1890.

We used 12 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness, and found it to have the desired effect in every case. DOMINICAN SISTERS.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and is now prepared under his direction by his

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 5 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.



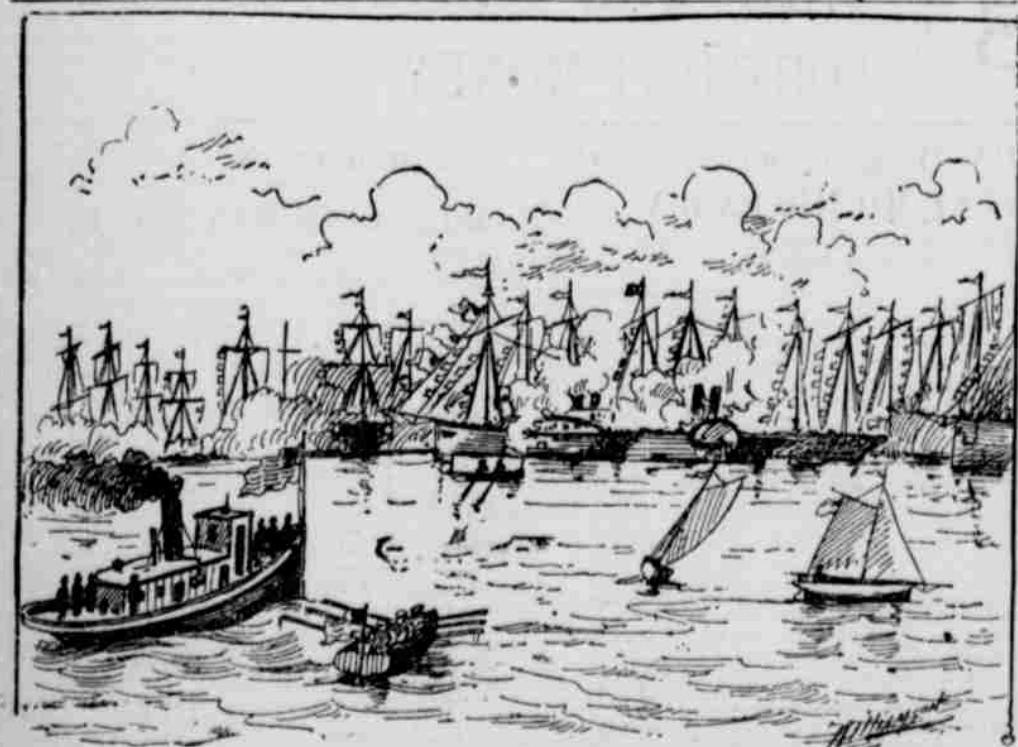
"I HATE TO ASK MY DOCTOR." False modesty and procrastination are responsible for much female suffering. We can excuse the ineffective delicacy that suggests concealment to the young, but there is no excuse for those who reject the assistance of a woman.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable is an entire and permanent cure for the worst forms of female disease, and instantly relieves all weaknesses and ailments peculiar to the sex. It is sold by all Druggists as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. "Mrs. Pinkham's Book," Guide to Health and Happiness," beautifully illustrated, sent on receipt of 25 cents. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.



THE GRANT MONUMENT—VIEW LOOKING WEST.

exclamation. Then, glowing with pride and patriotism, from a hundred thousand throats went up such a mighty shout as is rarely heard. It was the apotheosis of their admiration—they were aflame with enthusiasm.



FIRING THE NAVAL SALUTE.

One minute before the unveiling a signal gun was fired to warn the gabbling, excited and expectant throng that everything was in readiness for the ceremony. Slowly the seconds ticked by and there was a vast hush. Scarcely a sound was heard save from the far distant center of the city, from where the roar of commerce was plainly audible. The statue was bared to the eye and the tumultuous murmur of approval had hardly subsided when from the United States steamer Michigan there blazed forth a salute of twenty-one guns. Bishop Newman patiently waited for the reverberation of the last gun before he delivered the invocation, and Emil S. Dryer had to be correspondingly patient before he could introduce the Bishop.

put upon Grant's services to the nation; he is a Judge, therefore he is just; he seldom talks in public, and therefore his utterances had an extra touch of worth. More than all, he is an admirer of the mili-

tary genius and human qualities of Grant and he was fated to eloquence in speaking of him. When he ended his speech a scene was witnessed like unto that which was observed in the summer when Chauncey Depew thundered out the closing sentence of his oration on the occasion of the unveiling of the Grant monument at Galena. Approval of the spoken words took form in a hundred wild varieties, and for the moment the greatness of the orator seemed to overshadow the memory of the man that quickened his tongue to words of eloquence.

Much moved as were the people, there was yet one who was influenced more than all. A figure in mourning, an old lady with silvered hair and a glance of melancholy that dimmed her men of

eastern did not help to mend matters, and for a time it looked as if the naval display must be abandoned. About 10 o'clock, however, the wind had changed, and the outlook was much more favorable.

The Michigan steamed slowly out of the basin and headed for Lincoln Park. She was followed by the Essex and Andy Johnson, with several excursion steamers and the two fireboats covering the rear. On board the cutters were many invited guests, mainly wives of army officers in the parade. When the Michigan came abreast of the monument, 1,500 feet from the sea wall, the order to drop anchor was given. The cutters formed the line, with a fireboat to north and south.

The steamers fell into line outside the warships, and their anchors were dropped on the sandy bottom. The tugs, which had been hurrying to and from the harbor with tow-ropes, found places between the larger boats. The lifeboat of the live-saving crew, rowed by sturdy hands, next came, and lay at rest near the Michigan.

The scene from shore was one of striking beauty. The monument was in a noble setting. The lake, always Lincoln Park's greatest beauty, was never half so beautiful before.

As the veil was pulled from the monument the guns on the warships joined with the battery on shore in the Presidential salute of twenty-one guns. For the moment there was silence. Then the flag at the Michigan's foremast was run down. It was the signal for a hundred whistles. The fireboats sent heavenward a score of streams. The flag reappeared at the Michigan's foremast and the noisy salute ceased.

The Michigan then weighed anchor and bore to the northward. The revenue cutters followed her and the steamers followed in their wake. Off the Marine Hospital the fleet turned backward and formed a procession down the lake shore past the monument.

The Pursuit of Wealth.

The Journal of Finance reaches the conclusion that the men who become immensely wealthy do not have that object directly in view, but derive their pleasure from the pursuit

of the paradise fish, like the German canary, is a product of cultivation, as there is no place known where it is found in a wild state. It is a native of China. There they are cultivated and kept in aquaria as ornamental fish only. The male is the larger of the two sexes, measuring, when full grown, from the mouth to the end of the caudal fin, three and a half inches. The body is shaped very much like that of the pumpkin seed sunfish. Its colors surpass in brilliancy any fish heretofore cultivated for the aquarium.

The head is ashy gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azure blue, bordered with brilliant crimson. The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent shaped caudal fin are deep-crimson, the former having ten or twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue.

The under surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray or black. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence the generic name of the fish—macro, large; podus, the foot or fin. Both fins are shaped alike. They are striped and dotted with brown and bordered with blue. The dull-colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet-colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the fins. The pectorals, situated directly above the ventral fins, are well shaped, but, being transparent, show no color.

All these colors above described are most brilliant when the fish is excited. For instance, when engaged in combat for the possession of a female fish, or when courting, he shows the most brilliant colors, in order to attract the attention of his lady-love, she being especially fond of bright colors.—*Nature's Realm.*

Spain's youthful King has learned to back a pony. He will not be every inch a king, however, until he has learned to baccarat.

A MAN sentenced to be hanged is above suspicion.